
*Still, as Christmas-tide comes round,
They remember it again —
Echo still the joyful sound
"Peace on earth, good-will to men!"*

*Yet the hearts must childlike be
Where such heavenly quests abide;
Unto children, in their glee,
All the year is Christmas-tide!*

*Thus, forgetting tricks and play
For a moment, Lady dear,
We would wish you, if we may,
Merry Christmas, glad New Year!*

Christmas 1867

INTRODUCTION

*All in the golden afternoon
Full leisurely we glide;
For both our oars, with little skill,
By little arms are plied,
While little hands make vain pretence
Our wanderings to guide.*

*Ah, cruel Three! In such an hour,
Beneath such dreamy weather,
To beg a tale of breath too weak
To stir the tiniest feather!
Yet what can one poor voice avail
Against three tongues together?*

*Imperious Prima flashes forth
Her edict "to begin with":*

